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BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE

*A Recital in* SONG, STORY *and*  
DANCE *of the* OLD SCOTCH  
ROMANCE

*of*

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE *and*  
FLORA MacDONALD



Dramatization and Versification by  
MRS. CLARENCE CRITTENDEN CALHOUN

*Julia Crittenden Calhoun*

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Historical Data and Music Furnished by  
JOHN HENDERSON GEDDES

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Plates of Bonnie Prince Charlie & Flora MacDonald  
furnished by C. G. Vardell, D.D., President of  
Flora MacDonald College, Red Springs, N. C.



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## INTRODUCTION



PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART was born towards the close of the year 1720 in Rome, and was a descendant of Mary Queen of Scots. As soon as the child had been swaddled in the consecrated robes, he was placed on a couch beneath a gorgeous canopy of state and held his first levee. Never in after life did he receive such homage. Beautiful dames, the brilliant leaders of a brilliant society, bent the knee and covered him with caresses. Cardinals and prelates stood over him and gave him their blessings. Soldiers who had been exiled from Scotland to follow the declining fortunes of the house of Stuart, pressed his chubby hand to their bearded lips and felt a new life animating their loyalty.

At fifteen years of age he was serving in the Spanish army. In a letter from the Duke of Liria to his brother the Duke of FitzJames after the siege of Gaëta he says: "His manner and conversation are really bewitching. We set out for Naples in a day or two, where I am pretty sure his Royal Highness will charm the Neapolitans much as he has done our troops. The King of Naples (Don Carlos had been called King) is much taken with his polite behavior and there is not the least necessity of suggesting to him what is proper for him to either do or say."

A few weeks after his return from the army and while he was perhaps fifteen years of age, his mother died. He afterwards toured the principal Italian cities where he was received in great splendor, most fitting the fashion of royalty.

One of the results of this Italian tour was to impress the mind of Charles with the reality of his unhappy position.

His thoughts winged their flight to Scotland, that country which he had never seen and over which his forefathers had reigned. His father was a King without a throne and an exile without a country, and he himself, an heir apparent, with nothing to inherit. He had seen service for the cause of another in the Spanish army, would he not draw the sword in defense of his own? Let the hour come, and he would not fail his friends—only let the hour come!

He was reared from infancy never to forego the hope of recovering the crown and in early youth it was his aim to discipline to every kingly art those talents and endowments with which nature had furnished him. Features of remarkable regularity and beauty, a certain princely air, a noble, generous and fervid disposition; a soaring spirit, capable of the loftiest flights; a nimble yet robust frame and an equable temperament were native gifts to which he added a gentleman-like and easy manner with an unfailing joyous and fluent address. But the bent of his mind was towards military life and he ardently longed to assume his rightful position among the monarchs of Europe and be no more the titular prince of a titular king.

With the backing of France, an unsuccessful expedition started out for Great Britain in 1744. In 1745 Charles started out again with only two vessels and sailed in earnest for the shores of Scotland.

JOHN HENDERSON GEDDES

## THE STORY OF THE CLAYMORE WHICH IS USED BY "PRINCE CHARLIE" IN THE PLAY



HE famous Claymore used in this first presentation is the original sword presented to Bonnie Prince Charlie "When he first set foot on his native shore" by the Lord MacDonald of the Isles and Chief McKenzie of the day.

The scabbard is of heavy silver, hand chiselled, with a design of Scotch thistles. The open work of the hilt is also a design of thistles surmounted by one heavily wrought thistle enclosing an amethyst with the initials of the Prince, "C.E.S." (Charles Edward Stuart). This thistle is detachable and was used by the Prince as a seal. The eagles on the hilt are in commemoration of the "King of Birds" that flew out to welcome the future King of Scotland. The reverse side of this scabbard bears the words of the inscription "At our palace of Holy-Rood in the year 1745 *Semper Fidelis Secret et Hardi.*"

The fine blade of Damascus steel bears, also, the embossed arms of the donors.

This Claymore was presented, in September 1920, to Mrs. Clarence Crittenden Calhoun, by Lord Garioch, only son and heir of the Thirty-third Earl of Mar, thro the British Embassy in Washington with the following inscription:

"To Julia Cornelia (Daisy) Calhoun, one of the descendants on her mother's side of the House of Mar, I, The Lord Garioch, only son of the Thirty-third Earl of Mar, Premier Earl



of Scotland, present this Claymore which once belonged to "Prince Charlie", in view of the fact that it was for their loyalty and adherence to the Stuart Cause that the Earls of Mar suffered so greatly in their estates and fortunes, that some of the family in Exile sought refuge in America, where they have ever maintained those high standards of Honor, for which their forbears were so justly famed.

*Garioch., 1920*

As a memorial to her mother and in commemoration of the gift of the sword, Mrs. Calhoun has composed the historical data and songs into the play given herewith for the educational benefit of the boys and girls in the Southern Mountains, most of them descendants of Scotch Revolutionary war heroes.

## PROLOGUE

A brief romantic tale we'll now unfold  
All woven through with verse and song and dance  
About a Prince, so bonnie, gay and bold,  
And of a maiden fair, which will entrance,  
'Tis hoped, this audience, for a little while  
And cause, perhaps, a sigh, mayhap, a smile;  
But know, *'tis true*, the story, thus revealed.  
And hear some facts, by history long concealed;  
For the first time arranged for your delight—  
So pray be kind, not critical tonight  
And bear with me while I recite

“An Ode to Scotland”:

“Old Scotland I love thee, thou art dearer to me,  
“Than all lands that are girt by the wide rolling sea.  
“Though asleep not in sunshine like islands afar,  
“Yet thou art gallant in love and triumphant in war.

“Thy cloud covered hills that look up from the seas,  
“Wave sternly their wild woods aloft in the breeze,  
“Where flies the bold eagle in freedom on high  
“Through regions of cloud in its wild native sky.

“O name not the land where the olive tree grows,  
“Nor land of the Shamrock, nor land of the Rose,  
“But show me the thistle that waves its proud head  
“O'er heroes whose blood for their country was shed.

“Then tell me of bards and of warriors bold,  
“Who wielded their brands in the battles of old,  
“Who conquered and died for their own native land,  
“With the maidens so fair and its mountains so grand.”

The poem just said is by one Andrew Park—  
The play'll now begin, the house become dark;  
My cue is just to disappear,

And give for patience—Thanks, sincere.  
But I must now a chorus be,  
Stand in the wing, and let you see  
The portraits of the artists here  
Who soon before you will appear  
In sequence as they'll speak to you—  
They'll pass before you in review.

1. Ould Andy MacDougall, a braw Scot is he  
Thro all Scotland famed for his fine loyalty.
2. Youn Angus McLean you see here portrayed  
Whom no ill fortune e'er dismayed.  
So dauntless was he, so gallant and gay,  
He fairly frightened misfortune away.
3. Behold, the Bonnie Prince is here,  
A name to every Scotsman dear;  
"The dress that our Prince Charlie had  
Was bonnet blue and tartan plaid,  
And O, he was a handsome lad—  
None could compare wi' Charlie!"
4. Flora MacDonald, a maiden rare,  
Cultured, gentle, brave and fair,  
Full of high courage of mind and soul—  
In letters of fame her name we enroll.
5. Next you see sweet Janet McPherson,  
Truly called "a charming young person".  
Her picture here is fair to see,  
But you'll like her best in reality.
6. Then Roy Glenronnald comes to view,  
A courtier and a warrior too;  
He'd sing and dance, or wield a sword,  
And aye his Bonnie Prince adored.

7. Brave Betty Burke, Flora's maid,  
Appears before you. Unafraid  
Of anything, is Betty Burke,  
At "Kings or Cabbages" she'd smirk.
  
8. Last comes the famous Claymore of the Prince,  
At Holyrood given, and treasured since  
By those good and trusty peers, the Mars—  
Of Stuart followers, the stars.  
Regents of Scotland, once were they,  
While the Stuarts still held sway—  
A proud and clannish race they are,  
They'll fight for any kin of Mar.

*How the sword came here to right a wrong  
Would make another val'rous song.*

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*Characters in the order of their appearance*

Andy McDougall ..... The Piper  
 Angus McLean..... Officer, Prince Charlie's Staff  
 "Bonnie Prince Charlie" .... Charles Edward Stuart  
 Roy Glenronnald..... Officer  
 Flora Macdonald.....  
 Janet McPherson..... Flora's Friend  
 Betty Burke..... Flora's Maid

## SCENE OF THE SCOTCH ROMANCE

Scene opens in a rude, thatched hut on the Scotch Moors, front opens to stage; tall heather around sides, crags in background.

Interior shows a wide, fieldstone fireplace, a rough table and some stools opposite fireplace, against wall; shelf over table; bagpipe by fireplace (lower right); upper left some sheepskins are laid on the floor, on them, covered by a plaid, face and all, is the figure of a man (*Prince Charlie*); crouched at his feet is another figure, (*Angus McLean*), a young Highlander, in kilts, the McLean tartan, his knees are drawn up, his head on his knees, his bonnet fallen off at his side. He is also sleeping soundly. An old Highlander (*Andy MacDougall*) is stirring an iron pot of porridge in the fireplace. He moves softly so as not to disturb the sleepers and each time he uses the iron spoon he turns his head anxiously and looks at them. He then tiptoes to the table and gently opens the drawer, taking out some spoons. He lets one fall. Angus springs to his feet; the other figure turns, moans and turns back again.

ANGUS: (Softly)

Wha's that? Sounded like the trump o' doom!

ANDY: (Under his breath)

Hoot, mon, pardon, I but dropped a spoon.

(They both look at the sleeping form. Angus, smiling, shakes his first at Andy and points to his companion, now stirring uneasily. They draw down stage near fireplace.)

ANDY:

I am fash't, my lord, but glad I am  
That I have a wee bit sup for ye;

After y'r lang and weary span  
Baith tired an' hungry ye mon be.  
(Prince Charlie springs up, yawns and laughs.)

PRINCE CHARLIE:

Weel, weel, my frien'—I dinna ken  
If I'm awake or 'sleep again;  
Is this a dream—or do I sniff  
The smell of porridge an' a whiff  
Of stirabout?

(Andy now bustles about, and Angus helps him set table in front of the fire, puts two bowls on table after filling them from a steaming pot. Andy opens cupboard by fireplace and takes from it some oaten cakes on a pewter platter, also a pewter tankard, a squat earthenware bottle and two mugs, which he sets on the table.)

ANDY:

Come up, dear sirs, and sit ye doon  
An' let ould Andy serve ye weel,  
On his knees an' wi'out his shoon  
He fain would show his lo'e so leal.

(Prince Charlie seats himself, Angus stands at attention until Prince Charlie waves his hand toward the other seat. Prince Charlie then turns to Andy:)

PRINCE CHARLIE:

Ye ha'e shown it a'ready, my dear ol' frien'  
By gi'en us shelter and hidin' us here—  
Wi' a price on my head frae land's end to land's end,  
An' hunted about like the fleet Highland deer.  
Had it no been for ye, we'd be out in the hills  
Exposed to the weather and many worse ills.

ANDY:

This spot will ever sacred be  
And known through the whole countree

As where the Bonnie Prince did stay  
While on the road to the faraway—  
Wa'd your Highness like me to pipe a lay  
While ye sup and smoke and rest awhile?  
It may y'r weary thochts beguile.

ANGUS: (Jumping up)

Let me sing ye the sang o' me ane brave clan  
When ye first set foot on y'r native lan'.

(Prince Charlie nods and smokes and Angus continues):

"Pipe up old Andy and gi'e me the key—"

(Andy strikes up the tune of "Come O'er the Sea Charlie"; Angus pours himself a drink of Scotch, and cuts a caper.)

ANGUS:

I feel like singin' a fine ould glee.

(Angus sings.)

"Come o'er the stream Charlie, dear Charlie, brave  
Charlie,

Come o'er the stream Charlie, and dine with McLean;  
And welcome our Charlie and his royal train;

We'll bring down the red deer, we'll bring down the  
the black steer,

The lamb from the Bracken, the doe from the Glen;

The salt sea we'll harry and bring to our Charlie  
The cream from the bothy and curd from the pen.

"Come o'er the stream Charlie, dear Charlie, brave  
Charlie,

Come o'er the stream Charlie, and dine with McLean;  
And ye shall drink freely the dewes of Glen Sheerly,

That stream in the starlight, when Kings dinna ken;  
And deep be your meed of the wine that is red

To drink to your sire and his friend the McLean.

"Come o'er the stream Charlie, dear Charlie, brave  
Charlie,

Come o'er the stream Charlie, and dine with McLean.  
If aught will invite you—or more will delight you,  
'Tis ready—a troop of our bold Highlandmen  
Shall range on the heather with bayonet and feather,  
Strong arms and broad claymores, three hundred  
and ten."

(At the close of song Angus wipes his eyes on the  
sleeve of his coat.)

ANGUS:

What a landin' that was, ah me!  
How high were our hopes for ye!  
But wi' no men from France  
No arms, an' no guarantee,  
The battle came off only through loyalty.

PRINCE CHARLIE:

Did ye know there was a price  
O' ten thousand pounds in trice  
Upon my head?

(A murmur of voices off stage, Prince Charlie stops  
and listens.)

PRINCE CHARLIE:

What noise is that? Hist, do I hear voices nearing?  
Come Andy, pretend ye are abed—

We'll out through the side door, but stay within  
good hearing.

(Exeunt Prince Charlie and Angus through side  
door.)

(Andy retires to cot, hurriedly.)

ANDY: (From cot)

Who's there? Lowlander, Heelander?  
Friend, traitor, or foe?



FLORA: (From outside)  
A friend, Flora MacDonald,  
Whom weel ye mon know.  
(Andy jumps up and flings wide the door.)

ANDY:  
Then enter, dear lady,  
Ye are more welcome here  
Than sunlight on bracken  
Or the stream to the deer.

(Enter Flora, stepping inside the door, followed by Janet McPherson, Betty Burke and Roy Glenronald, all crowd in behind her.)

FLORA: (In center looking around)  
Where is?—Where are?—  
Ye know of whom I speak.

PRINCE CHARLIE: (Entering side door with both hands outstretched to Flora.)

Dear lady he is not far,  
The one whom ye do seek.

(Flora makes as if to bow her knee, Prince Charlie raises her, they stand for a moment with hands clasped; Angus enters and silently greets Janet, Betty and Roy.)

PRINCE CHARLIE:  
I ha'e nae seen ye sin' the ball at Holyrood,  
Now, in these lonely wilds, what is it that ye would?

FLORA:  
I heard the wild call of duty,  
A clear ringing call—  
Like the pibroch's shrill summons—  
But not for a ball! (Earnestly Flora continues)  
Your friend, Lady MacDonald,  
Sent us to you—

(Janet McPherson steps forward and courtesies to Prince Charlie, then turns to Flora:)

JANET:

Oh Flora! Tell the Prince  
What we all know is true—

FLORA: (making a mock courtesy.)

Your Highness, this is Lady Janet McPherson.

PRINCE CHARLIE: (Saluting)

I salute a new friend in this charming young person.

(They both smile and courtesy again, Flora points her hand to the maid.)

FLORA:

And this is Betty Burke—(Betty<sup>\*</sup> goes down on both knees)

Stand up girl, dinna smirk—

(To Prince Charlie with embarrassment)

FLORA:

Betty here is of a size—

We thocht—that is—I can't tell lies—

JANET:

Let me tell your Highness—

'Twas Flora's own plan,

Lady MacDonald abetting,

With one serving man

We came down from Athol

And sent our man back,

Meeting Roy on the road,

Who carried our pack.

(Betty here shows the bundle.)

FLORA:

'Tis a dress for your Highness,

A perfect disguise—

If you will but wear it  
The most curious eyes  
Cannot penetrate it;  
Ye might safely pass by  
E'en John Cope himself  
And the enemy spy.

PRINCE CHARLIE:

For you, my brave lady,  
I'll wear what ye say.

FLORA:

Then put on this dress!—  
Before break o' day  
We all must be gone.

PRINCE CHARLIE:

If we've the night before us—  
And the night has just begun—  
Let us talk and have some music  
An' e'en a little fun;  
It may be dark tomorrow—  
The clouds are hov'rin' near—  
So let us laugh and sing awhile  
And pass the hours with Cheer.  
Come, piper, lift that philabeg  
And let friend Angus shake his leg.

(Piper plays and Angus dances.)

FLORA: (Clapping her hands.)

Aye, we're young yet, tho danger's near  
We'll have our smile and will not fear  
If later, then, must come the tear!  
So piper, start the tune, we pray,  
Ae'll all join in the roundalay.

(All sing, "Cam' Ye By Athol.")

Cam' ye by Athol, lad wi' the philabeg

Down by the Tummel, or banks o' the Garry?

Saw ye the lads wi' their bonnets and white cockades,

Leaving their mountains to follow Prince Charlie?

Follow thee, follow thee, who wad nae follow thee?

Lang hast thou loved and trusted us fairly!

Charlie, Charlie, wha wad nae follow thee?

King o' the Highland hearts, Bonnie Prince Charlie!

One brother have I, my gallant young Donald;

But if I had ten they should follow Glengarry;

Health to MacDonald, and gallant Clanronald,

For these are the men that will die for their Charlie.

Follow thee, follow thee, who wad nae follow thee?

Lang hast thou loved and trusted us fairly!

Charlie, Charlie, who wad nae follow thee?

King o' the Highland hearts, Bonnie Prince Charlie!

I'll to Lochiel and Appin, and kneel to them;

Down by Lord Murray and Roy or Kildarlie;

Brave Mackintosh, he shall fly to the field wi' them;

These are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie!

Follow thee, Follow thee—etc.

Down through the Lowlands, down wi' the whigamore,

Loyal true Highlanders, down wi' them rarely,

Ronald and Donald, drive on wi' the braid claymore,

Over the necks of the foes of Prince Charlie!

Follow thee, Follow thee—etc.

(At the conclusion of the song Prince Charlie steps forth and declaims.)

PRINCE CHARLIE:

The loyal Mars hae kept the faith  
Alight in every Highland breast  
And weel I know unto the death  
They'll give the enemy nae rest.  
But if the worst comes to the worst  
Mysel, I'll roam this Highland glen  
Awake the echoes with my shout  
And gather up my ain true men.

(Prince Charlie draws his sword brandishing it.)

With my keen claymore laid about  
I'll put the enemy to rout.

ANGUS: (Leaping forward; others also press forward.)

I'd follow ye to death alone  
Tho' everyone foreswore ye—  
McLean, if armed with but a stone,  
Wad cut a path before ye.

QUARTETTE: ("Wha Wad Nae Fight for Charlie?")

"Wha wad nae fight for Charlie?  
Wha wad nae draw the sword?  
Wha wad nae up an' rally  
At the Royal Prince's word?  
Think on Scotia's ancient heroes,  
Think on foreign foes repelled;  
Think on the glorious Bruce and Wallace,  
Wha the proud usurpers quell'd.

Wha wad nae fight for Charlie—etc.

Rouse, rouse, ye kilted warriors,  
Rouse, ye heroes of the North;

Rouse, and join your chieftain's banners,  
'Tis your Prince that leads you forth.  
Shall we basely crouch to tyrants?  
Shall we own a foreign sway?  
Shall a Royal Stuart be banished  
While a stranger rules the day?

Wha wad nae fight for Charlie—etc.

See the Northern clans advancing,  
See Glengarry and Lochiel;  
See the brandished broadswords glancing  
Highland hearts are true as steel.  
Now our Prince has raised his banner  
Now triumphant is our cause;  
Now the Scottish lion rallies—  
Let us strike for Prince and laws.

Wha wad nae fight for Charlie—etc.

(Encore—Standard o' the Braes o' Mar)

(At the conclusion of the song Flora turns to Prince Charlie.)

FLORA:

Will ye not saing y'rself my Prince—  
A sang ye sang me not long since  
At Holyrood?

PRINCE CHARLIE:

Indeed I should be glad  
To sing a serenade  
To my country's fairest maid.  
Pipe low, old bard, I'll sing the tune—  
"My lo'e is like a rose in bloom."



*Composed by Alexander Laing—Brechin.*  
THE STANDARD ON THE BRAES O' MAR  
1715

The Standard on the braes O' Mar,  
Is up and streaming rarely;  
The Gathering Pipe on Loch-na-Gar  
Is sounding loud and sairly.<sup>(1)</sup>  
The Hielandmen, frae hill and glen,  
Wi' belted plaids and burnished blades;  
Wi' bonnets blue and hearts sae true,  
Are coming late and early.

Wha wadna join our noble Chief,  
The Drummond and Glengarry,  
MacGregor, Nithsdale, Rollo, Keith,  
Panmure and gallant Murray?  
MacDonald's men, Clan-Ranald's men,  
MacKenzie's men, MacGillivray's men,  
Strathallan's men, The Lowland men,  
O' Callander and Airly.

Our Prince has made a noble vow,  
To free his country fairly;  
Then wha would be a traitor now  
To ane (one) we lo'e sae dearly;  
We'll go, we'll go, and seek the foe  
By land or sea, where'er they be;  
Then man to man and in the van  
We'll win or dee for Charlie.

(1)—Sairly, an old Scottish word which means and is used here as "appealingly."



(Prince Charlie sings.)

“O my love is like a red, red rose  
That's newly sprung in June!  
O my love is like a melody  
That's sweetly played in tune!  
As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
So deep in love am I;  
And I will love thee still my dear  
Till a' the seas gang dry,  
Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
Till a' the seas gang dry,  
And I will love thee still, my dear,  
Till a' the seas gang dry.  
Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;  
And I will love thee still, my dear,  
While the sands of life shall run.  
But fare-thee-weel, my only love,  
O fare-thee-weel awhile!  
And I will come again, my love,  
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile;  
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile, my love,  
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile;  
And I will come again, my love,  
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.

(After the serenade Prince Charlie approaches Flora and murmurs softly, the others move back; Prince Charlie with his back to audience says something to Flora, appealingly; Flora looks up at him and speaks in a tremulous voice;

FLORA:

Nay, nay, my Prince, it cannot be—

(Prince Charlie turns so his side-face is to audience, still looking into Flora's eyes.)

PRINCE CHARLIE:

But you are a maiden of High Degree—

FLORA:

Not high enough for Royalty.

PRINCE CHARLIE: (With a bitter laugh)

Such Royalty! no throne, no crown and no coun-  
tree!

Oh, Flora, can't you forget—for me?

FLORA:

Aye, forget myself, but remember thee,  
I love thee too much, sire, it *must* not be.

(Prince Charlie takes Flora's hand and they move to back of the room, he leaning against the lintel of the door, she looking down as he pleads with her.)

(Angus, Roy and Janet come down stage, laughing and joking, Old Andy talks to Betty Burke, over by the cot.)

ANGUS:

O was it not fun,  
With John Cope on the run,  
He came out to Lord Kase  
After his chase  
With news of his beatin'  
And called it retreatin'.

ROY:

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came  
They speir'd at him, "Where's a' y'r men?"—  
"The de'il confound me gin I ken,  
For I left them a'in the morning."

“Now Johnnie, troth, ye were nae blate,  
To come wi’ the news o’ y’r ain defeat,  
An’ leave y’r men in sic a straight,  
So early in the morning.”

“In faith,” quo’ Johnnie, “I got sic flegs,  
Wi’ their claymores and philabegs,  
If I face them de’il break my legs,  
So I wish you a’ good morning”

ANGUS:

An’ then it was we laid stout siege to Carlisle town  
And battered all their ramparts down,  
An wi’ y’r hundred pipers there  
Did enter in, to their despair.

ROY:

The song, the song, the hundred pipers!

(All sing)

Wi’ a hundred pipers, an’ a’, an’ a’,  
Wi’ a hundred pipers, an’ a’, an’ a’,  
We’ll up and gie them a blaw, a blaw,  
Wi’ a hundred pipers, an’ a’, an’ a’,  
Of it owre the border, awa’, awa’;  
It’s owre the border, awa’, awa’;  
We’ll on an’ we’ll march to Carlises ha’  
Wi’ its yetts, its castle, an’ a’m an’ a’.

Will they a’ return to their ain dear glen?  
Will they a’ return, our Highland men?  
Second-sighted Sandy looked fy’ wae,  
And mithers greet when they marched away.  
Oh! our sodger lads look’d braw, look’d braw  
Wi’ their tartans, kilt, an’ a’, an’ a’,  
Wi’ their bonnets and feathers, an’ glitterin’ gear,  
An’ pibrochs soundin’ loud and clear,

His bonnet an' feather he's wavin' high,  
His prancing steed maist seems to fly;  
The Nor' wind plays wi' his curly hair,  
While the pipers blaw wi' a unco flare.  
Oh! wha is foremost o' a', o' a'?  
Oha is foremost o' a', o' a'?  
Bonnie Charlie, the King o' us a', hurrah!  
Wi' his hundred pipers, an' a', an' a'.

(At the conclusion of the song of the hundred pipers  
the music continues and all join in the Scotch dance.)

(Special dances by the Bagpipers.)

FLORA:

Now let's not greet, nor sadly dwell  
On the happenings since that day  
When our fighting forces fell  
Or turned their backs upon the fray  
Of tragic, dark, Culloden—  
Nor muse upon your hunted stay  
In lowly mountain, moor and fen.

(Prince Charlie turns away.)

My stepfather, Captain of Infantry,  
Has gi'en me a pass, good for three—  
A man, my Betty Burke, and me,  
To visit my mother at Skye.  
Now don the dress and we will fly.

(Betty and Andy pick up plaid, hold it out across  
a corner, making a dressing room for Prince Charlie.)

ROY:

A royal dressing room, behold,  
Behind this modest tartan's fold—

A turn will make a man a maid,  
And thus disguised he'll not be 'fraid  
To start for Skye in the mornin'!

PRINCE CHARLIE:

I'll do it then, but first take warning,  
A queer handmaid I will be,  
An' trouble ye may have wi' me!

FLORA:

I'm not afraid, O sire, make haste;  
I feel we have no time to waste.

JANET:

Do ye mind the Skye boat song?

FLORA: (Sings)

Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird in the wing,  
Onward the sailors cry,  
Carry the lad that's born to be King,  
Over the sea to Skye.

Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,  
Thunder-clouds rend the air;  
Baffled, our foes stand by the shore;  
Follow they will not dare.

All speed bonnie boat—etc.

Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep;  
Ocean's a royal bed;  
Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep  
Watch by your weary head.

All speed bonnie boat—etc.

Many't the lad fought on that day

Well the claymore could weild,  
When the night came silently lay  
Dead on Culloden's field.

All speed bonnie boat—etc.

Burned our homes, exile and death  
Scatter the loyal men,  
Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath  
Charlie will come again.

All speed bonnie boat—etc.

(At conclusion of song Charlie enters from behind the plaid.)

PRINCE CHARLIE:

Behold a blushing maiden  
That's ready for the fray,  
So lead me to the boat for Skye  
We mon be on our way—  
But before we go I'll sing again,  
My lady fair, one last refrain.

(Snatching the shawl from his head he sings Prince Charlie's Farewell.)

"The voice of the spirit of tempest is near, love  
Lo! heartless misfortune has struck the last blow;  
O where are the souls of the brave I revere, love;  
Farewell to my bright dreams of fame, love, and glory;  
Farewell, bonnie Highlands, still dear, dear to me;  
Farewell my lost love, my soul's dearest Flora,  
My last sigh I'll give to dear Scotland, and thee.

Sound, sound is the sleep of the brave, 'neath the  
willow—

Beneath the proud flag that in battle they bore;

But, alas! for the dream on my lightning-rent pillow,  
When love hath departed and hope is no more. '  
When haunted by foemen and soul-clouding sadness,  
Homeless and hopeless, by traitors oppressed—  
When stung by the storms of misfortune to madness,  
O sweet were the dreams that I dreamt on your  
breast.

Now welcome, ye dark stormy clouds that benight me,  
Welcome ye ghosts of the good and the brave;  
The pibroch's loud summons no more can delight me,  
My song be the wild winds that sweep their lone grave,  
See, see, yon proud eagle through stormy clouds soaring,  
How fearless the flight of the wing that is free;  
Such joy may be mine, love, when Heaven restoring  
The land I love dear, and my Flora to me.

(Prince Charlie turns to the others.)

Farewell brave hearts,  
I'll come again.

(Prince Charlie shakes hands with Andy and Betty  
Burke; Flora embraces Janet and turns to Roy.)

(Roy signals the others to sing the quartet Bonnie  
Prince Charlie's "Noo Awa.")

### BONNIE CHARLIE NOO AWA'

Bonnie Charlie's noo awa';  
Safely owre the friendly main;  
Mony a heart will break in twa,  
Should he ne'er come back again.  
Will ye no come back again?  
Will ye no come back again? •  
Better lo'ed ye canna be  
Will ye no come back again?

Ye trusted in your Highland men  
They trusted you, dear Charlie!  
They kent your hiding in the glen,  
Death or exile braving.

Will ye no come back again—etc.

English bribes were a' in vain,  
Tho' puir and puirer we maun be;  
Siller canna buy the heart,  
That beats aye for thine and thee.

Will ye no come back again—etc.

We watched thee in the gloamin' hour,  
We watched thee in the mornin' gray;  
Tho' thirty thousand pound they gie,  
Oh there is nane that would betray!

Will ye no come back again—etc.

Sweet the Laverick's note and lang,  
Lilting wildly up the glen;  
But aye to me he sings ae sang;  
Will ye no come back again?

Will ye no come back again—etc.

FLORA: (To Roy)

Take her with you, dear friend—(turning to Janet)  
But soon I will return, dear,  
Betty, Andy, and Roy, here,  
Will see you safely home again.

(Flora kisses Janet once more and with hand waving  
Flora, Prince Charlie and Angus exuent through side  
door.)



JANET: (Wiping her eyes)

When Flora returns she'll come back alane,  
Prince Charlie will be far out on the main.

ROY:

A Royal Prince may never stay,  
He always loves and rides away—  
And a maid is left to sigh alway;  
I've made a song, a woeful tale;  
Come, Janet, sing your tuneful wail.

(Janet sings "Flora's Lament.")

### "FLORA MACDONALD'S LAMENT"

Far over yon hills of the heather so green,  
And down by the corrie that sings to the sea,  
The bonnie young Flora sat singing her lane,  
The dew on her plaid, and the tear in her e'e;  
She looked at a boat with the breezes that swung,  
Away on the wave, like the bird of the main;  
And aye, as it lessened, she sighed and she sung,  
Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again!  
Fareweel to my hero, the gallant and young!  
Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again!

The moor-cock that craws on the brow of Bon Connal,  
He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame;  
The eagle that soars on the cliffs of Clanronald,  
Unawed and unhunted, his eyrie can claim;  
The solan can sleep on his shelve of the shore,  
The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea;  
But oh! there is one whose hard fate I deplore,  
No house ha'e, not hame, in his own country has he!  
The conflict is past, and our name is no more!  
There's naught left but sorrow for Scotland and me.

The target is torn from the arms of the just;  
The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave;  
The claymore forever in darkness must rust,  
But red is the sword of the stranger and slave.  
The hoof of the horse and the foot of the proud  
Have trod o'er the plumes on the bonnets of blue.  
Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud,  
When tyranny revell'd in blood of the true?  
Fareweel, my young hero, the gallant and good!  
The crown of the fathers is torn from thy brow!



## EPILOGUE

As Shakespeare says, " 'Tis not the  
To see the lady the epiloguer  
Tho 'tis no more unseemly  
To hear the prologue say

But, having heard our  
You'll agree the SON  
And so forgive this  
For the sake of th

You all know the rest of the story  
 How to Lunnon's Tower, so hoary,  
 They took fair Flora a prisoner there  
 For helping her Prince, so debonaire  
 To fly back to France from England's snare.  
 Then for three long months she languished alone  
 But when the truth of her bravery was known  
 She was pardoned, and again she reigned—  
 As social queen of London proclaimed.

But tiring of this she once more returned  
 To her own loved Scotland, where she learned  
 That things for the Prince's faithful band  
 Were such she must fly from her native land—  
 But not to France, at the Prince's request;  
 So she proved she loved him and her country best  
 By denying romance, and deciding to wed  
 A cousin who long had loved her, instead.

Then she came to these New England shores  
 Where she found the reverse of open doors—  
 And went on down into North Carolina  
 Where they say that today no story is finer  
 Than her life there devoid of all comfort and ease  
 At the head of her band of Scotch refugees.

    " some years of toil, sorrow and stress  
     midst of that new world wilderness  
     led to her home and was lauded there  
     have beyond compare.

    Flora's faithful hearts  
     ach the Arts  
     to honor her name—  
     earned fame.  
     y to tell,  
     you all know so well  
     —Farewell.



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